

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

The Private Journal of Capt. G. F. Lyon, of H. M. S. Hecla, during the recent Voyage of Discovery under Capt. Parry, with a Map and Plates. 8vo. pp. 463. London, 1824.

THE notices of Capt. Parry's narrative, given in preceding numbers, completely liberate us from all attention to longitudes and latitudes, or bowsprits and binnacles; nor are we under the necessity of discussing the probability or improbability of a north-west passage being discovered, or its value, should that be the case. It was the more necessary to have done with these subjects, since they form no portion of Capt. Lyon's delightful volume, which is a journal—a 'gossiping journal,' the captain calls it—of actual occurrences, containing numerous anecdotes relative to the habits and disposition of a people entirely separated from the rest of the world; and many minute circumstances connected with the voyage, which are omitted in the more official, though not more authentic, account of the expedition by Capt. Parry.

In the preface, Capt. Lyon states that the journal was written for the amusement of his own fire-side,—a very selfish motive, for a man of his talents should write for the public; and he adds, that he has only been induced to publish it on the suggestion of Mr. Barrow, of the Admiralty, and Capt. Parry, to whom it is very properly dedicated. We were not aware that there was any thing culpable in this, but so it appears to the employee of a firm of rival booksellers, who endeavoured to forestall Capt. Parry's former journal, and are, we presume, sorry they cannot do it in the present instance. Some of our readers may, perhaps, recollect how conscientiously the editor of *Longman's Cunyngge Alvertizer* acted respecting Capt. Parry's former work, when he one week pronounced the engravings 'paltry catch-penny things,' and the next, acknowledged the charts to be admirable. The motive for this conduct may perhaps be forgotten. Be it known, then, that Surgeon Fisher, who had accompanied the expedition, had stolen a march on Capt. Parry, and published a narrative of it a few days before the official journal appeared; and Messrs. Longman and Co. being the publishers of Mr. Fisher's journal, nothing was more natural than that it should be praised by their editor, at the expense of Capt. Parry's work. The editor did not hesitate in the dirty work of his employers, for he impudently asserted that Capt. Parry had 'availed

himself largely of Mr. Fisher's journal in the composition of his work.' This we denied*, and challenged, as we still challenge, the editor to the proof. It appears that Surgeon Fisher, who is a good officer, but a very indifferent author, was, to use the classical phraseology of our friend of the *Cunyngge Alvertizer*, 'hauled over the coals,' for printing his journal; which, if true, was certainly very ridiculous, since it was one of the most harmless and uninteresting volumes that was ever offered to the public. The work might have claimed a patent for dullness. Surgeon Fisher, however, accompanied the last expedition, and, as all the journals are ordered to be sent to the Admiralty, we presume he has not been enabled to anticipate Capt. Parry, even in the name of a journal of the voyage; and, consequently, the Leviathan of Paternoster Row is disappointed and angry. It is not necessary that we should inquire into the wisdom or policy of the Lords of the Admiralty requiring from each officer engaged in an expedition paid for by the public, his journals or observations, in order to give to the public as good an account as possible; it is enough to know that it is one of the conditions to which they subscribe, previous to their sailing; and we never thought there was any great harm in Surgeon Fisher publishing his journal, had it not been for the eagerness which he or his publishers showed (for we are far from being certain that it was his fault) to forestall his commanding officer. We should not, however, have noticed this subject, or have alluded to Mr. Fisher, who we believe to be a meritorious officer, had not his name and his work been dragged forth for the double purpose of selling his book and insulting the Secretary of the Admiralty, Mr. Barrow.

A more fit associate for our adventurous countryman, Capt. Parry, could scarcely have been found than Capt. Lyon; a gentleman whose physical constitution enables him to bear the extremes of heat and cold, and who had scarcely returned from the burning soil of Africa, when he set out for the frozen regions of the North Pole. Again he has gone forth, and we wish him and his gallant and hardy companions, and their skilful commander, every success. Capt. Lyon is, we suspect, the only gentleman who ever travelled far in Africa and penetrated the Arctic regions, and his works on both subjects are highly interesting. His private journal, now before us, is written in that plain and unaffected manner which

best becomes a narrative of this sort, and gives it the full appearance of the genuineness it possesses. We shall not, in noticing this work, enter into any analysis, but prefer taking a few of the most interesting incidents recorded in its pages; to do this it is not necessary to embark with the captain, or stop to examine the bear weighing 1600 lbs. which was killed among the Savage Islands; so we shall place ourselves at once in the midst of the natives:—

'The cast of countenances of these Eskimaux perfectly resembles that of the Greenlanders, as far as I could judge from Crantz. A first interview does not authorize my attempting to describe their features; but I may safely say, that I could not, even in a dozen visits, have discovered the regular colour of their skin; from its being so covered with blood, grease, and dirt, as to baffle all attempts to trace its natural hue. Its artificial dye was of a dull copper or brown colour. Amongst some of the young girls we could discover a deep purple tinge of health on the cheeks; and the skins of both sexes were very soft and greasy to the touch. The hair of the women was confined in a knot on the top of the head, or on the forehead in some; but others, like men, wore it in glorious confusion all over their necks and faces. Whichever way it was arranged, not a curl was to be seen, and the jetty black of these locks gave an air of inexpressible wildness to each countenance. The men had very scanty or no beards, and, as far as we could learn, the bodies of both sexes were destitute of hair. A species of ophthalmia appeared very generally to exist; many persons had lost their eyelashes, and some were nearly blind. A very curious kind of wooden eye-shade was in general use, and was so contrived as to admit but little of the dazzling glare of the ice.'

'It is scarcely possible to conceive any thing more ugly or disgusting than the countenances of the old women; who had inflamed eyes, wrinkled skin, black teeth, and, in fact, such a forbidding set of features as scarcely could be called human: to which might be added their dress, which was such as gave them the appearance of aged ourang outangs. Frobisher's crew may be pardoned for having, in such superstitious times as A. D. 1576, taken one of these ladies for a witch; of whom it is said, "the old wretch whom our sailors supposed to be a witch, had her buskins pulled off, to see if she was cloven-footed; and being very ugly and deformed, we let her go." The young children were pretty, lively, and well-behaved.'

* See *Literary Chronicle*, No. 107.

The Esquimaux were very eager to barter with our voyagers:—

'A very singular custom prevailed amongst them in concluding the most trifling bargain; for no sooner had they received an article in exchange for their goods, than it was instantly applied to the tongue, and licked several times previous to being put away in security. Whatever might be the article given, even if a sharp razor, the bargain was not concluded until it had gone through the above ceremony; and I frequently shuddered at seeing the children draw a razor over their tongue as unconcernedly as if it had been an ivory paper-knife. We had a convincing proof of the importance attached to the above custom, in one poor woman whom I detected going over the side with an ice-axe upon her shoulder, which, fancying she had stolen it, I ordered to be taken from her. This she loudly and firmly resisted, crying bitterly, and looking anxiously round for the person from whom she had received it, making signs that it had been given in exchange for a very handsome seal-skin jacket which she had been observed to wear, and at the same time licking every part of the axe, to show it had been a bargain. By this we were convinced that some one had been despicable enough to give this poor creature an article which he knew would be taken from her again. When a button or other trifle was given as a present, without demanding an exchange, it did not receive the customary licking. Nothing can equal the eagerness for barter evinced by these savages, or the frenzy they exhibited to possess a nail or any other trifle. To describe the various modulations of their screams of joy or anxiety would be absolutely impossible. We, however, in the general confusion, were of opinion, that the word used for barter was "Chi bo;" for it was repeated in every key to which the human voice can be raised. "Pille tay" was also clamorously and frequently repeated; and we had no doubt that it implied "give me," all ages and sexes being most indefatigable beggars. They were, however, traders as long as they had any stock. From the men we purchased oil, weapons, and ivory; the women supplied us with skins, ornaments, little pouches, &c.; and from the children were procured small toys and models, their parents directing them in their bargains and beggings also. There was one little child, who, having no merchandize to dispose of, ran about holding up the red legs of a dove-kie, in hopes that their colour might attract a customer; but meeting with no success, the poor little trader was returning disconsolate to his mother, when a button which I gave him put the poor child quite into raptures, and underwent more kissing than button ever received before.

'Both sexes eagerly sold their clothes, and some went away nearly naked, notwithstanding the severity of the weather. I must, however, say, in justice to the softer sex, that they were more correct in the choice of what parts of their clothing they would dispose of, than the men; for I do

not remember to have seen a single lady part with her breeches, while the gentlemen were by no means so scrupulous, and evinced no shame at appearing nearly naked.

'A nail was considered a fair equivalent for a spear with ivory head, and with line and bladder attached to it. Small pieces of iron hoop were equally valuable; and a knife might purchase any article. Saws, however, were the most eagerly inquired for; and, had any been produced at first, nothing else would have been taken. In all exchanges, the natives showed as much joy as if they had acquired the greatest riches, although, in many instances, they were losers by the bargain.'

Our voyagers found some red snow; and our readers will recollect how important a feature this made in Capt. Ross's narrative, and the sapient conjectures of the philosophers upon it:—

'Red snow was brought off to the Fury, and I also found some near the ships: its colour was considered as much fainter than that seen on a former voyage, and the appearance of the mass was not unlike what is called raspberry ice, in a far better climate, where cold is made subservient to luxury. It may be needless to say that the colouring matter of red snow was proved, prior to our leaving England, to consist of a species of fungus, capable of re-production by artificial cold, and I believe it was even found practicable, by placing it in a particular light, to give it a greenish tinge.

'Of all the reasons given for this remarkable appearance, that by a Peter Paterson, who, in 1671, visited Spitzbergen, is the most amusing:—"The stones of the rocks are full of white, red, and yellow veins, like marble; upon any alteration of the weather, these stones sweat, which, together with the rains, tinges the snow red."

The officers met with plenty of game and other 'small deer,' at their different anchorages during the first season, and obtained numerous specimens of the animal tribes. An interesting anecdote is related of a doe and her fawn, which Capt. Parry had pursued across a small inlet:—

'The mother, finding her young one could not swim so fast as herself, was observed to stop repeatedly, so as to allow the fawn to come up with her, and, having landed first, stood watching it with trembling anxiety as the boat chased it to the shore. She was repeatedly fired at, but remained immovable until her off-spring landed in safety, when they both cantered out of sight.'

A fox, caught in a trap, proved that master reynard is the same cunning elf at the Pole as in more genial climes:—

'He was small, and not perfectly white, but his tameness was so remarkable, that I could not resolve to kill him, but confined him on deck, in a small hutch, with a scope of chain. The little animal astonished us very much by his extraordinary sagacity, for, during the first day, finding himself much tormented by being drawn out repeatedly by his chain, he at length, when-

ever he retreated to his hut, took this carefully up in his mouth, and drew it so completely after him, that no one who valued his fingers would endeavour to take hold of the end attached to the staple.'

Capt. Lyon, 'not being very nice,' led the way in eating the flesh of foxes, and was followed by the crew, who found it good meat; they had also good auxiliaries to pick the bones:—

'We had for some time observed that, in the fire-hole, which was kept open in the ice alongside, a countless multitude of small shrimps were constantly rising near the surface, and we soon found that in twenty-four hours they would clean, in the most beautiful manner, the skeletons of the foxes, round which, as long as any flesh remained, they would cluster like a swarm of bees, not even letting go their hold when the carcass was lifted out of the water: they never devoured the sinews, so that all the limbs remained attached at their respective joints, and it was only requisite to dry them to form as complete a skeleton as an anatomist would wish to see. The shrimps would not eat skin of any kind, for I placed the flipper of a seal amongst them, and in a few hours it was quite cleaned within-side, the bones being left as in a bag. I tried some experiments on these little gluttons, by freezing them in different temperatures, and endeavouring to bring them to life again, but did not succeed; in fact, my cruelty did not deserve that I should.'

A theatre was fitted up, and opened on the 9th of November, 1821, with the play of the Rivals, the parts of Sir Anthony and Capt. Absolute by Capts. Parry and Lyon:

'On the 17th (Dec.), a shivering set of actors performed to a great-coated yet very cold audience, the comedy of the "Poor Gentleman."

'We were much amused during the exhibition of this play by a burst of true English feeling. In the scene where Lieut. Worthington and Corp. Foss recount in so animated a manner their former achievements, advancing at the same time, and huzzaing for "Old England," the whole audience, with one accord, rose, and gave three of the heartiest cheers I ever heard. They then sat down, and the play continued uninterrupted.'

'On Christmas eve, in order to keep the people quiet and sober, we performed two farces, and exhibited phantasmagoria, so that the night passed merrily away.

'Christmas day was very fine, and we all attended church on board the Fury, as we had been accustomed to do every Sunday since we were frozen in. The people then returned to their dinners, at which English roast beef, that had been kept untainted since the transport left us, was the principal luxury. To this were added cranberry pies and puddings of every shape and size, with gull allowance of spirits. I never, indeed, saw more general good humour and merriment on a Christmas day since I went to sea. A pretty compliment was paid to all the officers by a well-meaning but certainly not very sober crew, by absolutely forcing

each in his turn go out on the health drink.

'On the 26th a run on the rights, but the came necessary, postponing the danced sobering, fortunate. During this tended as an frozen snow demand for he was obliged. At night an account the ships, and quence, but no traces of.

We cannot ness and go performing was 22 degrees coffee froze a stove. 'I was obliged of the fast "Heir at scene of the frost-bitten and admiral answer if cold a record.

'About much of Parry sent tion: it was which lay length of tasteless; your. We into a solid resembling.

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'Scarce possessed bracelet our look tures, which delighted sex in a have felt ought to with which the thing a little, same. should female painted though not quite may have manne would more.

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each in his turn, beginning with myself, to go out on the lower deck, and have his health drank with three hearty cheers.

On the 26th, we sent all the people for a run on the ice, in order to put them to rights, but thick weather coming on, it became necessary to recall them, and, postponing the dinner hour, they were all danced sober by one p. m. the fiddler being, fortunately, quite as he should be. During this curious ball, a witty fellow attended as an old cake-woman, with lumps of frozen snow in a bucket; and such was the demand for his pies on this occasion, that he was obliged to replenish pretty frequently. At night, we were all much startled by an account of a bear being seen between the ships, and arms were prepared in consequence, but the return of daylight gave us no traces of him.

We cannot but admire the steady firmness and good humour of our countrymen performing plays when the thermometer was 22 deg. below Zero, in a room where coffee froze in a cup only six inches above a stove. 'For my sins,' says Capt. Lyon, 'I was obliged to be dressed in the height of the fashion, as Dick Dowlas, in the "Heir at Law," and went through the last scene of the play with two of my fingers frost-bitten! Let those who have witnessed and admired the performance of a Young answer if he could possibly have stood so cold a reception.'

About this time we discovered that much of our wine was frozen, and Capt. Parry sent a bottle of port for my inspection: it was congealed in thin pink laminae, which lay loosely and occupied the whole length of the bottle. The ice was almost tasteless; but, if any thing, of a sweet flavour. White wine, on the contrary, froze into a solid and perfectly transparent mass, resembling amber.

With another anecdote of the Eskimaux and Capt. Lyon's resolution, we conclude for the present:—

Scarcely any ornaments were worn, or possessed, by the women, except a small bracelet of beads, so that they received our looking-glasses and trinkets with raptures, which showed that they were as much delighted with innocent finery as the fair sex in a better country. When I say they have few ornaments, I am in error, for I ought to mention the Kak-keen (or tattoo) with which they are covered, not excepting the thighs and breasts. The patterns vary a little, but their position is always the same. To describe their arrangement, I should have ventured to give a drawing of a female figure in the frontispiece, and have painted the ornaments *en place*, had I not thought the introduction of a naked lady not quite correct; besides which, whatever may have been said of the looseness of the manners of the women, I am confident none would have consented to the exhibition of more than one limb at a time.

My curiosity determined me on seeing how the kakkeen was performed, and I accordingly put myself into the hands of Mrs. Kettle, whom I had adopted as my Amama,

or mother. Having furnished her with a fine needle, she tore with her teeth a thread off a deer's sinew, and thus prepared the sewing apparatus: she then, without a possibility of darkening her hands beyond their standard colour, passed her fingers under the bottom of the stone pot, from whence she collected a quantity of soot; with this, together with a little oil, and much saliva, she soon made a good mixture, and taking a small piece of whalebone well blackened, she then drew a variety of figures about my arm, differing, as I easily saw, from those with which she herself was marked; and calling her housemates, they all enjoyed a good laugh at the figures, which perhaps conveyed some meaning I could not fathom.

I had, however, only determined on a few stitches, so that her trouble was in some measure thrown away. She commenced her work by blackening the thread with soot, and taking a pretty deep but short stitch in my skin, carefully pressing her thumb on the wound as the thread passed through it, and beginning each stitch at the place where the last had ceased. My flesh being tough, she got on but slowly, and having broken one needle in trying to force it through, I thought fit, when she had completed forty stitches, or about two inches, to allow her to desist; then rubbing the part with oil, in order to staunch a little blood which appeared, she finished the operation. I could now form an idea of the price paid by the Eskimaux females for their embellishments, which for a time occasion a slight inflammation and some degree of pain. The colour which the kakkeen assumes when the skin heals, is of the same light blue as we see on the marked arms of seamen.

(To be concluded in our next.)

No me Olvides, para el Año 1824, o Colección de Producciones en Prosa y Verso, Originales y Traducidas. Por JOSE JOAQUIN DE MORA.

THIS truly elegant little volume is, as its title imports, a Spanish 'Forget me not,' precisely similar in form and embellishments to the pocket-book of that title, by the same enterprising publisher. Although more particularly designed for exportation to the Spanish states of South America, where it cannot fail to prove acceptable as a specimen of typographic beauty, that may incite to emulation, it will likewise be found exceedingly interesting to students of the Spanish language in this country, as it contains a variety of tales, essays, anecdotes, and poetical pieces, which, on account of their brevity, will be perused by a learner with less fatigue and more interest than classical productions of greater length. If, therefore, we consider it merely in this point of view, this pocket-book deserves our approbation: there is, moreover, something alluring in its form, and inviting in the beauty of type, while Spanish books, in general, are rather repulsive than otherwise in this respect. Typographical beauty may be considered as a mere trifle: people read for the matter, not for the sake of looking at hand-

some letter-press: this is true, yet, whatever be the interest of the volume, it is assuredly rather enhanced than diminished by external beauty. Do we listen to a man of sense with less complacency because he is gifted with a pleasing voice? His remarks would be equally just were they uttered in the most discordant tone, but they would not excite so favourable an impression in the hearer. Those who, like ourselves, are acquainted with the hideous manner in which some Spanish books are printed, will feel the force of our remarks. We once, for instance, attempted to peruse a volume of Spanish comedies, printed on paper much worse to look at than the commonest German paper, and the type so bad and imperfect, and the letter-press so abominably full of blunders—words being joined together, or else parted in the middle,—that we were at length obliged to throw it by in despair and disgust. There has besides existed, until very recently, much difficulty in procuring in this country any works of a light amusing nature, and of moderate price and extent for a beginner, to study the language. Cheap editions of Don Quixote in the original, have, it is true, appeared here, but it is hardly desirable that a student should commence the perusal of such a work, while his principal object is the acquisition of a stock of words and of idioms: for how can he then enter into either the spirit of the author, or the interest of a protracted narrative.—We crave the reader's pardon for these somewhat irrelevant observations, and now proceed to a more immediate notice of the publication which has given rise to them.

The principal pieces in this pocket-book are translated from those in the English one; for instance:—*Mimili, the Ring, the Test of Love, &c.* which, by the bye, are themselves some of them translated from other languages. There are, however, several articles in the Spanish publication which are not in the English one: among these are, a Memoir of Rossini, an account of the Diorama, the Conquest of the Island of Celebes, the Umbrella, a tale; an article on Spanish Synonyms, Constantinople, anecdotes, and several satires and fables, and the Audience and the Visit, which last-mentioned piece we shall translate for the amusement of our readers:—

Possessed with a mania for projects and speculations, after having wasted all my patrimony in plans, models, memorials, experiments, and schemes, I arrived at a certain metropolis (which I do not deem it prudent to name), with a plan of such vast importance and so feasible, that I conceived the government could do no less than furnish me with funds sufficient to carry it into execution, and that the nation would erect statues in honour of me, in every public place. My project was to unite two rivers by means of a navigable canal, which would not only greatly facilitate the communication between different provinces, and render considerable districts more fertile, but likewise extend commerce, promote navigation, and quadruple agricultural pro-

duce; in short, the reign of Saturn was to return once more upon the earth, attended with all those blessings which, with their usual veracity, poets have delighted to attribute to it. As I yielded to no former projector in the grandeur of my schemes, so was I behind hand with none in disinterestedness and generosity; for, in return for these public advantages, I demanded nothing—absolutely nothing, for myself. All that I required was, that government should advance me capital for the undertaking, and should give me the exclusive privilege of collecting the tolls and duties arising from the canal; than which nothing could assuredly be more reasonable, since we ought all of us to live by our own labours, and I have read in some writer on political economy, that a man's ideas are as much his own property, as an estate or any other possession.

"I applied myself most seriously to carry my project into execution: I drew up a memorial, formed estimates and maps, and, thus prepared, presented myself at the minister's, of whom I requested an audience. At first, I had to address myself to a porter, who was not particularly affable or civil; next to an attendant, who seemed to think himself very condescending in even noticing me, and then to a secretary, who spoke only in monosyllables. At length, after repeated visits and applications, I obtained the desired interview, at which I presented myself with all the confidence of one who is already sure of success. I was so fortunate as to be ordered to read my memorial, which I forthwith did, in an emphatic tone of voice, while his excellency continued to play with a little terrier. As soon as I had finished reading, the following dialogue took place:—"Your project is utterly impracticable; nothing can be made of it."—"If your lordship would be so kind as to tell me your reasons for thinking so—"—"My reasons! there is no occasion for reasoning about it. I tell you it will not do."—"Yet I flatter myself—"—"To no purpose. In the first place, an exclusive privilege cannot be granted."—"Yet, in a project of such vast utility—"—"In the next place, these two rivers are dry nearly half the year."—"But I had been informed—"—"Lastly, the canal would touch upon the royal park, and his majesty is passionately fond of game, which would thus be scared away."—"This last reason is an all-sufficient one.—I now abandon the plan altogether, and beg your lordship's to excuse me."

"I returned home, struck with admiration of his excellency's extensive information on all that related to the subject, and of his zeal for the interests of his king; and having deposited my papers in my portfolio, went to the opera. I had hardly entered the house, when I perceived the handsome Marchioness ——— in her box, to whom I had been introduced some months before at Paris, and whom I knew to possess considerable influence with diplomatists, ministers, marshals, and journalists. I immediately went to her, and related my adventure. On hearing my story, the marchioness

laughed heartily, telling me, however, at the same time, not to be discouraged, as the minister was a particular friend of hers, and that every thing should be arranged to my wishes. "Obtain for me, then, another audience—"—"By no means," returned the marchioness, "but you shall make him a visit. Come to me to-morrow evening, at nine o'clock; and leave the rest to me."

"Accordingly, the following evening I was punctual to the hour, having dressed myself suitably to the occasion. We got into the marchioness's carriage, and drove to the minister's, where the attendants received us as the intimate friends of his excellency. Scarcely had we entered the saloon, when my protectress took the minister aside, and when the conference was ended, he condescended to call me to him, and the following dialogue took place:—"Well, sir, and how does your plan go on?"—"Very badly, your excellency. The difficulties which I perceive will attend its execution—"—"Leave all preamble, and tell me at once what these great difficulties are."—"In the first place, an exclusive privilege cannot be granted."—"To be sure we do not grant them on every occasion, but when a man of merit and a most useful project are concerned, there will be no difficulty in this respect."—"And then, as the rivers are apt to be dried up—"—"Who can possibly have told you such an idle story. They actually overflow every year, and occasion great damage by doing so."—"Yet his majesty is so passionately fond of game—"—"Aye, on the table,—but he has never, in all his life, even handled a fowling-piece. No, sir, these are idle objections. There is no difficulty whatever in the business. See my secretary in the morning, and he will adjust every thing."

"In fact, I waited the next day on that personage, whom I found most eager to serve me; the attendant of whom I before complained was most courteous, and even the porter seemed to have been studying politeness. In short, the project obtained the requisite sanction, and when I went to thank the marchioness for her kind services, not forgetting an elegant cachemire shawl and a diamond necklace, as trifling marks of my gratitude;—she laughed heartily, and said, you now know the difference there is between an *Audience* of, and a *Visit* to, a great man."

The volume is terminated by a slight notice of the Angerstein Gallery, where, speaking of Hogarth's marriage, the writer terms those productions—"Cuadras en que abundan los caprichos mas extravagantes y les monstruosidades mas incompreensibles"—"pictures abounding in the most extravagant caprices and the most incomprehensible whims." This is certainly rather a startling character of this celebrated series of pictures by Hogarth; but we are rather amused than offended by the unsuspecting freedom with which it is given, and only regret that the writer did not extend his observations, as they could not have failed to be exceedingly curious. We do not imagine that a Span-

niard is very likely to catch the spirit of a satirist like Hogarth, or even to comprehend his meaning.

On the whole, we have been much gratified by this pocket book, and hope that its success will be such as to induce the editor to continue his labours annually. We would, however, suggest to him that the interest of the work would be increased were some articles introduced bearing more directly upon the events and occurrences of the actual period (we do not mean politically); nor would some specimens of the recent literature of Spain itself render the work less agreeable to readers either in this country or Spanish South America.

The Atrocities of the Pirates; being a faithful Narrative of the Unparalleled Sufferings endured by the Author, during his Captivity among the Pirates of the Island of Cuba; with an Account of the Excesses and Barbarities of those inhuman Freebooters. By AARON SMITH, who was himself afterwards tried at the Old Bailey as a Pirate, and acquitted. 12mo. pp. 214. London, 1824.

NUMEROUS as are the persons that have been brought to our bar during the period of our judicial duties, we are not aware that we ever had one before us who had previously stood at the bar of the Old Bailey; so far, therefore, Mr. Smith's work is a novelty. Aaron Smith is, however, not the only person who has had to prove his innocence at the Old Bailey, though few have suffered so much, or so unjustly, in this way: he was tried at the Admiralty sessions on the 19th of December, 1823, on the charge of seizing British vessels on the high seas; and numerous witnesses gave evidence as to the activity of the prisoner. Being called on for his defence, he related his sufferings under the pirates in whose service he had been forced, and called upwards of twenty respectable witnesses, who spoke in unqualified terms of his humanity, bravery, and general good character. One witness excited much interest: she was a Miss Sophia Knight, a young lady who had been betrothed to Smith, and to whom she would have been married, had he not been detained by the pirates. Her evidence spoke much in his favour and appealed to the hearts of the jury, who acquitted him. Smith has again gone to sea, having, we hope, first made Miss Knight a happy bride. Before quitting England, he gave his 'round unvarnished tale' to a friend, who now gives it to the public.

Smith, who had passed two years in the West Indies, embarked as mate in the merchant brig *Zephyr*, master, Mr. Lumsden, in June, 1822. The ship took the Leeward passage, and, owing to the obstinacy of the master, was captured about six leagues from Cape Roman, by one of the piratical vessels of Cuba. In order to save the master, who appears to have been a very stupid fellow, Smith agreed to sacrifice himself, and to remain with the pirates, who were resolved on detaining one of them. They threatened to

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burn the vessel and all the crew, including Mr. Lumsden's children, unless he told them where the money was concealed, and otherwise treated them with great brutality. Mr. Lumsden had denied having any money on board:—

‘On this occasion the same answer was given as before, and the inhuman wretch instantly prepared to put his threat into execution, by sending the children on board the schooner, and ordering those two gentlemen to be taken below decks, and to be locked to the pumps. The mandate was no sooner issued than it was obeyed by his fiendlike myrmidons, who even commenced piling combustibles round them. The apparent certainty of their fate extorted a confession from Lumsden, who was released and taken on deck, where he went to the round house and produced a small box of doubloons, which the pirate exhibited with an air of exultation to the crew. He then insisted that there was more; and, notwithstanding that the other made the most solemn asseverations to the contrary, and that even what he had given was not his own, he was again lashed to the pumps. The question was then applied to Captain Cowper, and fire was ordered to be put to the combustibles piled round him. Seeing his fate inevitable, he offered to surrender all he had, and, being released, he gave them about nine doubloons, declaring that what he had produced was all he had, and had been entrusted to his care for a poor woman, who, for aught he knew, might at this moment be in a state of starvation. “Do not speak to me of poor people,” exclaimed the fiend, “I am poor, and your countrymen and the Americans have made me so; I know there is more money, and will either have it or burn you and the vessel.” The unfortunate man was then once more ordered below, and fire directed to be applied. In vain did they protest that he had got all; he persisted in his cruelty. The flames now began to approach their persons, and their cries were heart-rending, while they implored him to turn them adrift in a boat, at the mercy of the waves, rather than torture them thus, and keep the *Zephyr*, when, if there was money, he would surely find it.

‘Finding that no further confession was extorted, he began to believe the truth of these protestations, and ordered his men to throw water below and quench the flames. The unfortunate sufferers were then released and taken into the round-house, and the seamen, children, and myself, allowed to go on board the brig. There we were left for a while at liberty, while the pirates caroused and exulted over their booty.’

Smith was now forced on board the pirate vessel, which sailed for the harbour of Rio Medias, where they generally received notice of all that occurs at Havannah from the ‘magistrates and priests,’ who came on board. Smith, who, by the bye, is too sentimental for a sailor, was invited to dance with one of the magistrate's daughters, but very ungallantly refused. Miss Seraphina, for such was the angelic name of the lady,

interested herself much in his behalf, and may be considered as the heroine in his romance of real life. A sale of goods took place on board the vessel, and the purchasers were treated with wine and spirituous liquors, in order that they might bid more freely when intoxicated:—

‘A quarrel took place between two of the crew, and a desperate fight with knives ensued, of which the rest were cool spectators. The battle was for a long time doubtful, as both fought with equal skill and an equal degree of caution, notwithstanding they were intoxicated, until one fell with a severe stab in the left breast, bleeding profusely. I was instantly called to administer to the wounded man; and it was in vain for me to declare that I knew nothing of the healing art. The captain swore at me, and said he knew to the contrary; for the master of the *Zephyr* had informed him that I had cured and saved the life of his sailmaker, who had fallen down the hold; and therefore if I did not cure him, he would serve me in the same manner. I saw it would be useless to make any reply; and, therefore, having procured bandages, I staunched the blood and dressed his wounds in the best manner I was able. Having attended to one patient, I was then obliged to turn my attention to his antagonist, who had not escaped unhurt. When I had completed my task, I was carelessly complimented on my skill, and asked if the wound was mortal; which question I evaded, by saying I hoped not.

‘The guests were scarcely gone, when the captain went below and inquired of the least injured of the wounded men, the cause of their quarrel. He hesitated at first to tell, and supplicated that he might be forgiven for his neglect in not having furnished him with the important intelligence before. This being granted, he told the pirate “that his antagonist was one of the party formed by the chief mate to assassinate him and the whole crew, and take possession of the ship and plunder.” That officer, he informed him, had gone to the Havannah for the express purpose of bringing some more men, and that they were to put the plan into effect when himself and the crew were either asleep or inebriated. I saw that his brutal temper was excited by this information; his eyes flashed fire, and his whole countenance was distorted. He vowed destruction against the whole party, and, rushing upon deck, assembled the crew, and imparted what he had heard. The air rang with the most dreadful imprecations; they simultaneously rushed below and dragged the helpless wounded wretch upon deck, and, without taking into consideration that the accusation against him might be unfounded, proceeded to cut off his legs and arms with a blunt hatchet, then mangling his body with their knives, threw the yet warm corpse overboard. Not contented with having destroyed their victim, they next sated their vengeance on his clothes, and every thing belonging to him, which they cut in pieces and threw into the sea.’

While off Cape Buonavesta, a boat full of

men, of the chief mate's party, appeared, coming towards the schooner, when the captain ordered his men to fire, and five were killed; another jumped overboard, but was taken, and most barbarously treated. Wounded and bleeding, he was exposed naked to the scorching heat of a July sun of a tropical climate, in order to make him confess:—

‘The man persisted in his plea of innocence, declared that he had nothing to confess, and entreated them all to spare his life. They paid no attention to his assertions, but, by order of the captain, the man was put into the boat, pinioned, and lashed in the stern, and five of the crew were directed to arm themselves with pistols and muskets and to go in her. The captain then ordered me to go with them, savagely remarking that I should now see how he punished such rascals, and giving directions to the boat's crew to row for three hours backwards and forwards through a narrow creek formed by a desert island and the island of Cuba. “I will see,” cried he, exultingly, “whether the mosquitoes and the sandflies will not make him confess.” Prior to our leaving the schooner, the thermometer was above ninety degrees in the shade, and the poor wretch was now exposed naked to the full heat of the sun. In this state we took him to the channel, one side of which was bordered by swamps full of man-grove trees, and swarming with the venomous insects before mentioned.

‘We had scarcely been half an hour in this place when the miserable victim was distracted with pain; his body began to swell, and he appeared one complete blister from head to foot. Often, in the agony of his torments, did he implore them to end his existence and release him from his misery; but the inhuman wretches only imitated his cries, and mocked and laughed at him. In a very short time, from the effects of the solar heat and the stings of the mosquitoes and sandflies, his face had become so swollen that not a feature was distinguishable; his voice began to fail, and his articulation was no longer distinct. I had long suspected that the whole story of the conspiracy was a wicked and artful fabrication; and the constancy with which this unfortunate being underwent these tortures served to confirm my suspicions. I resolved, therefore, to hazard my interference, and, after much entreaty and persuasion, prevailed upon them to endeavour to mitigate his sufferings, and to let the poor wretch die in peace, as the injuries which he had already sustained were sufficient of themselves to occasion death. At first they hesitated; but, after consulting for some time among themselves, they consented to go to the other side of the island, where they would be secured from observation, and untie him and put something over him. When we had reached that place, we lay upon our oars and set him loose; but the moment he felt the fresh sea breeze, he fainted away. His appearance at this time was no longer human, and my heart bled at seeing a fellow creature thus tormented.

When our time was expired, we again tied him as before, to prevent the fury of the captain for our lenity, and once more pulled for the passage on our way to the vessel. On our arrival, his appearance was the source of merriment to all on board; and the captain asked if he had made any confession. An answer in the negative gave him evident disappointment, and he inquired of me whether I could cure him. I told him he was dying; "then he shall have some more of it before he dies," cried the monster, and directed the boat to be moored within musket shot in the bay. This having been done, he ordered six of the crew to fire at him. The man fell, and the boat was ordered along-side. The poor wretch had only fainted; and when they perceived that he breathed, a pig of iron was fastened round his neck, and he was thrown into the sea. Thus ended a tragedy, which, for the miseries inflicted on the victim, and for the wanton and barbarous depravity of his fiend-like tormentors, never, perhaps, had its equal.

An English vessel is discovered, and Smith ordered to go and board her: he refuses, is blindfolded, and ordered to prepare for death; a volley of musketry was fired, but only to frighten him:—

"He then gave directions that I should be taken and lashed to the main-mast, and the bandage removed from my eyes. This order was quickly obeyed by his myrmidons. As soon as I was fastened to the mast, the captain cut up a number of cartridges, and placed the powder round me on the deck, with a train to it, and gave orders for the cook to light a match and send it aft. He then repeated his orders, and asked if I would obey him; I persisted in my refusal, and, without any further hesitation, he communicated the fire to the powder. The explosion deprived me of my senses, and stunned me for the moment; but I soon recovered, to undergo the most horrid torture: the flames had caught my clothes, which were blazing round me, and my hands were so pinioned, that I could not relieve myself. I begged them, for God's sake, to despatch me at once; but they only laughed at me, and the captain tauntingly asked me if I would obey him now? The excruciating agony in which I was, extorted my acquiescence, and I was ordered to be released; but I fainted before that could be done."

The magistrate of Rio Medias gets wounded and Smith attends him as surgeon, an office to which he is often called. This gives him many opportunities of seeing Seraphina, with whom he conceals an elopement, if an escape from a savage barbarian with a lovely girl can be so called. In this he was prevented, but afterwards, when the pirate was off Havannah and all on board were drunk, he escaped. At the Havannah he was recognised and arrested as a pirate, and thrown into a dungeon, where he remained for several weeks. He was tried and acquitted, but given up to the English admiral on the Jamaica station, who sent him

home, where he was again tried at the Old Bailey, and again acquitted; and thus ends one of the most extraordinary narratives we ever read.

Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, Author of *Julian, a Tragedy*. 12mo. pp. 292. London, 1824.

MISS MITFORD is an industrious and a clever writer, and we believe all her works have been honoured with a large share of the public approbation. Her tragedy of *Julian*, though not eminently successful, was performed for some time; and it is said, so confident is the lady of her own powers, that she is ready to face the public with two other dramas, one or both of which have been accepted by the theatres royal. The volume before us is of a different character, and is avowedly 'an attempt to delineate country scenery and country manners as they exist in a small village in the south of England.' The descriptions are said to have always been written on the spot and at the moment, and, in nearly every instance, with the closest and most resolute fidelity to the place and the people. From this it might be supposed that the sketches are local and personal, rather than general; but this is not the case, and, as the features of nature and the character of individuals are collectively much the same, Miss Mitford's *Village* is a fair specimen of the country. Her pictures of rural life bear the imprint of nature, and her sketches of rural character all the fidelity of truth. With these observations, we shall quote two of the shortest sketches, exhibiting our author's talents in both these points; though we confess some of the longer articles, particularly the *Country Cricket-match*, are more to our taste:—

Violeting.—'March 27th.—It is a dull grey morning, with a dewy feeling in the air; fresh, but not windy; cool, but not cold;—the very day for a person newly arrived from the heat, the glare, the noise, and the fever of London, to plunge into the remotest labyrinths of the country, and regain the repose of mind, the calmness of heart, which has been lost in that great Babel. I must go violeting—it is a necessity—and I must go alone: the sound of a voice, even my Lizzy's, the touch of Mayflower's head, even the bounding of her elastic foot, would disturb the serenity of feeling which I am trying to recover. I shall go quite alone, with my little basket, twisted like a bee-hive, which I love so well, because *she* gave it to me, and keep sacred to violets and to those whom I love; and I shall get out of the high road the moment I can. I would not meet any one just now, even of those whom I best like to meet.

'Ha! Is not that group—a gentleman on a blood horse, a lady keeping pace with him so gracefully and easily—see how prettily her veil waves in the wind created by her own rapid motion!—and that gay gallant by, on the gallant white Arabian, curveting at their side, but ready to spring before them every instant—is not that

chivalrous-looking party, Mr. and Mrs. M. and dear B.? No? the servant is in a different livery. It is some of the ducal family, and one of their young Etonians. I may go on. I shall meet no one now; for I have fairly left the road, and am crossing the lea by one of those wandering paths, amidst the gorse and the heath and the low broom, which the sheep and lambs have made—a path turfy, elastic, thymy, and sweet even at this season.

'We have the good fortune to live in an unenclosed parish, and may thank the wise obstinacy of two or three sturdy farmers, and the lucky unpopularity of a ranting madcap lord of the manor, for preserving the delicious green patches, the islets of wilderness amidst cultivation, which form perhaps the peculiar beauty of English scenery. The common that I am passing now—the lea, as it is called—is one of the loveliest of these favoured spots. It is a little sheltered scene, retiring, as it were, from the village; sunk amidst higher lands—hills would be almost too grand a word; edged on one side by one gay high road, and intersected by another; and surrounded by a most picturesque confusion of meadows, cottages, farms, and orchards; with a great pond in one corner, unusually bright and clear, giving a delightful cheerfulness and day-light to the picture. The swallows haunt that pond; so do the children. There is a merry group round it now; I have seldom seen it without one. Children love water—clear, bright, sparkling water; it excites and feeds their curiosity; it is motion and life.

'The path that I am treading leads to a less lively spot,—to that large heavy building on one side of the common, whose solid wings, jutting out far beyond the main body, occupy three sides of a square, and give a cold shadowy look to the court. On one side is a gloomy garden, with an old man digging in it, laid out in straight dark beds of vegetables, potatoes, cabbages, onions, beans; all earthy and mouldy as a newly dug grave. Not a flower or a flowering shrub! Not a rose-tree or a current-bush! Nothing but for sober melancholy use. Oh how different from the long irregular slips of the cottage-gardens, with their gay bunches of polyanthus and crocuses, their wall-flowers, sending sweet odours through the narrow casement, and their gooseberry-trees, bursting into a brilliancy of leaf, whose vivid greenness has the effect of a blossom on the eye! Oh how different! On the other side of this gloomy abode is a meadow of that deep intense emerald hue which denotes the presence of stagnant water, surrounded by willows at regular distances, and, like the garden, separated from the common by a wide moat-like ditch. That is the parish work-house. All about it is solid, substantial, useful;—but so dreary! so cold! so dark! There are children in the court, and yet all is silent. I always hurry past that place, as if it were a prison. Restraint, sickness, age, extreme poverty, misery, which I have no power to remove or alleviate,—these are

the ideas, those walls certainly, desolation paint. Thiness, foot, homeless, sick, rest sympathy, which the unhappy. a parish w it. The controlled

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the ideas, the feelings, which the sight of those walls excites; yet, perhaps, if not certainly, they contain less of that extreme desolation than the morbid fancy is apt to paint. There will be found order, cleanliness, food, clothing, warmth, refuge for the homeless, medicine and attendance for the sick, rest and sufficiency for old age, and sympathy, the true and active sympathy which the poor show to the poor, for the unhappy. There may be worse places than a parish workhouse—and yet I hurry past it. The feeling, the prejudice will not be controlled.

‘The end of the dreary garden edges off into a close-sheltered lane, wandering and winding, like a rivulet, in gentle “sinuosities,” (to use a word once applied by Mr. Wilberforce to the Thames at Henley,) amidst green meadows, all alive with cattle, sheep, and beautiful lambs, in the very spring and pride of their tottering prettiness: or fields of arable land, more lively still with troops of stooping bean-setters, women and children, in all varieties of costume and colour; and ploughs and harrows, with their whistling boys and steady carters, going through, with a slow and plodding industry, the main business of this busy season. What work bean-setting is! What a reverse of the position assigned to man to distinguish him from the beasts of the field! Only think of stooping for six, eight, ten hours a day, drilling holes in the earth with a little stick, and then dropping in the beans one by one. They are paid according to the quantity they plant; and some of the poor women used to be accused of clumping them—that is to say, dropping more than one bean into a hole. It seems to me, considering the temptation, that not to clump is to be at the very pinnacle of human virtue.

‘Another turn in the lane, and we come to the old house standing amongst the high elms—the old farm-house, which always, I don’t know why, carries back my imagination to Shakspeare’s days. It is a long, low, irregular building, with one room, at an angle from the house, covered with ivy, fine white-veined ivy; the first floor of the main building projecting and supported by oaken beams, and one of the windows below, with its old casement and long narrow panes, forming the half of a shallow hexagon. A porch, with seats in it, surmounted by a pinnacle, pointed roofs, and clustered chimneys, complete the picture. Alas! it is little else but a picture! The very walls are crumbling to decay under a careless landlord and ruined tenant.

‘Now a few yards farther, and I reach the bank. Ah! I smell them already—their exquisite perfume streams and lingers in this moist heavy air. Through this little gate, and along the green south bank of this green wheat-field, and they burst upon me, the lovely violets, in tenfold loveliness! The ground is covered with them, white and purple, enamelling the short dewy grass, looking but the more vividly coloured under the dull leaden sky. There they lie by hundreds, by thousands. In former years I

have been used to watch them from the tiny green bud, till one or two stole into bloom. They never came on me before in such a sudden and luxuriant glory of simple beauty,—and I do really owe one pure and genuine pleasure to feverish London! How beautifully they are placed too, on this sloping bank, with the palm branches waving over them, full of early bees, and mixing their honeyed scent with the more delicate violet odour! How transparent and smooth and lustrous are the branches, full of sap and life! And there, just by the old mossy root, is a superb tuft of primroses, with a yellow butterfly floating over them, and looking like a flower lifted up by the air. What happiness to sit on this turf knoll, and fill my basket with the blossoms! What a renewal of heart and mind! To sit in such a scene of peace and sweetness is again to be fearless and gay and gentle as a child. Then it is that thought becomes poetry, and feeling religion. Then it is that we are happy and good. Oh that my whole life could pass so, floating on blissful and innocent sensation, enjoying in peace and gratitude the common blessings of nature, thankful above all for the simple habits, the healthful temperament, which render them so dear! Alas! who may dare expect a life of such happiness? But I can at least snatch and prolong the fleeting pleasure, can fill my basket with pure flowers, and my heart with pure thoughts; can gladden my little home with their sweetness; can divide my treasures with one, a dear one, who cannot seek them; can see them when I shut my eyes; and dream of them when I fall asleep.

‘Aunt Martha.—One of the pleasantest habitations I have ever known is an old white house, built at right angles, with the pointed roofs and clustered chimneys of Elizabeth’s day, covered with roses, vines, and passion-flowers, and parted by a green sloping meadow from a straggling picturesque village street. In this charming abode resides a more charming family: a gentleman,—

“Polite as all his life in courts had been,

And good as he the world had never seen.”

two daughters full of sweetness and talent; and aunt Martha—the most delightful of old maids! She has another appellation, I suppose,—she must have one;—but I scarcely know it: aunt Martha is the name that belongs to her—the name of affection. Such is the universal feeling which she inspires, that all her friends, all her acquaintances, (in this case the terms are almost synonymous,) speak of her like her own family:—she is every body’s aunt Martha—and a very charming Aunt Martha she is.

‘First of all, she is, as all women should be if they can, remarkably handsome. She may be—it is a delicate matter to speak of a lady’s age!—she must be five-and-forty; but few beauties of twenty could stand a comparison with her loveliness. It is such a fulness of bloom, so luxuriant, so satiating; just tall enough to carry off the plumpness which at forty-five is so becoming; a brilliant complexion; curled pouting lips;

long, clear, bright grey eyes—the colour for expression, that which unites the quickness of the black with the softness of the blue; a Roman regularity of feature; and a profusion of rich brown hair.—Such is aunt Martha. Add to this a very gentle and pleasant speech, always kind, and generally lively; the sweetest temper; the easiest manners; a singular rectitude and singleness of mind; a perfect open-heartedness; and a total unconsciousness of all these charms; and you will wonder a little that she is aunt Martha still. I have heard hints of an early engagement broken by the fickleness of man;—and there is about her an aversion to love in one particular direction—the love matrimonial—and an overflowing of affection in all other channels, that seems as if the natural course of the stream had been violently dammed up. She has many lovers—admirers I should say—for there is, amidst her good-humoured gaiety, a coyness that forbids their going farther; a modesty almost amounting to shyness, that checks even the laughing girls, who sometimes accuse her of stealing away their beaux. I do not think any man on earth could tempt her into wedlock;—it would be a most unpardonable monopoly if any one should; an intolerable engrossing of a general blessing; a theft from the whole community.

‘Her usual home is the white house covered with roses; and her station in the family is rather doubtful. She is not the mistress, for her charming nieces are old enough to take and to adorn the head of the table; nor the housekeeper, though, as she is the only lady of the establishment who wears pockets, those ensigns of authority, the keys will sometimes be found, with other strays, in that goodly receptacle; nor a guest, her spirit is too active for that lazy post; her real vocation there, and every where, seems to be comforting, cheering, welcoming, and spoiling every thing that comes in her way; and, above all, nursing and taking care. Of all kind employments, these are her favourites. Oh the shawlings, the cloakings, the cloggings! the cautions against cold, or heat, or rain, or sun! the remedies for diseases not arrived! colds uncaught! incipient tooth-aches! rheumatisms to come! She loves nursing so well, that we used to accuse her of inventing maladies for other people, that she might have the pleasure of curing them; and when they really come—as come they will sometimes, in spite of aunt Martha—what a nurse she is! It is worth while to be a little sick to be so attended. All the cousins, and cousins’ cousins of her connexion, as regularly send for her on the occasion of a lying-in, as for the midwife. I suppose she has undergone the ceremony of dandling the baby, sitting up with the new mama, and dispensing the caudle, twenty times at least. She is equally important at weddings or funerals. Her humanity is inexhaustible. She has an intense feeling of fellowship with her kind, and grieves or rejoices in the suffering or happiness of others with a reality as genuine as it is rare.

‘Her accomplishments are exactly of this

ympathetic order; all calculated to administer much to the pleasure of her companions, and nothing to her own importance or vanity. She leaves to the sirens, her nieces, the higher enchantments of the piano, the harp, and the guitar, and that noblest of instruments, the human voice; ambitious of no other musical fame than such as belongs to the playing of quadrilles and waltzes for their little dances, in which she is indefatigable: she neither caricatures the face of man nor of nature under pretence of drawing figures or landscapes; but she ornaments the reticules, bell-ropes, ottomans, and chair-covers of all her acquaintance, with flowers as rich and luxuriant as her own beauty. She draws patterns for the ignorant, and works flounces, frills, and baby-linen, for the idle; she reads aloud to the sick, plays at cards with the old, and loses at chess to the unhappy. Her gift in gossiping, too, is extraordinary; she is a gentle newsmonger, and turns her scandal on the sunny side. But she is an old maid still; and certain small peculiarities hang about her. She is a thorough hoarder: whatever fashion comes up, she is sure to have something of the sort by her—or, at least, something thereunto convertible. She is a little superstitious; sees strangers in her tea-cup, gifts in her fingernails, letters and winding-sheets in the candle, and purses and coffins in the fire; would not spill the salt “for all the worlds that one ever has to give;” and looks with dismay on a crossed knife and fork. Moreover, she is orderly to fidgetiness;—that is her greatest calamity!—for young ladies now-a-days are not quite so tidy as they should be,—and ladies’ maids are much worse; and drawers are tumbled, and drawing-rooms in a litter. Happy she to whom a disarranged drawer can be a misery! Dear and happy aunt Martha!

Myrtle Leaves; a Collection of Poems, chiefly Amatory. By T. W. KELLY. 12mo. pp. 114. London, 1824.

We confess we have an instinctive dread of first efforts,—but Mr. Kelly has done much to remove them; for, although *Myrtle Leaves* are a juvenile production, they are not only a promising one, but possess sufficient merit to rank the author as a poet. Besides, were this not the case, Mr. Kelly so modestly declines all pretensions to genius, and speaks so humbly of his talents, that we could never think of subjecting him to rigid criticism, had he any thing to fear from it. This, we are aware, will be by some persons deemed a prudish conscientiousness or delicacy; but, no matter, we had rather encourage the doubtful genius of fifty aspirants, though but one should attain eminence, than crush in the bud one flower, and render it ‘born to blush unseen.’

Mr. Kelly seems conscious that his works betray, or rather perhaps exhibit, great warmth of imagination; but we have to learn that this is a fault, before we can think it necessary to apologize for it; and we agree with our juvenile friend, that this

said warmth of imagination is ‘a matter in respect of which constitution as well as taste must influence the judgment,’ and that, ‘if the passion of love be not criminal, the expression of the feelings and sentiments which it excites (keeping within the bounds of decorum), cannot be very reprehensible.’ We can readily make allowance for a young and fervid imagination, like that of Mr. Kelly, dwelling much on subjects of love, for ‘love is heaven, and heaven is love.’ But, we confess, we like our author too much to criticise him, and we therefore quote three pieces, sure that they will speak more eloquently and more effectually for him than we can:—

‘ANACREONTIC.

‘Yes, yes, there lurks in wine, my dear,
Too oft, too oft the maiden’s tear;
Too often has the goblet’s flow
Been guilty of a maiden’s woe;
Yet on this goblet’s smooth brim fix
Thy lips, as if the draught thou’dst sip,
And I will deem
In that rich stream
Thy more than honied sweets will mix:
For oh! there is a power divine,
A sweeter power than found in wine,
In woman’s rosy humid lip.

‘Kiss but the goblet’s brim, my dear,
The ruby wine shall flow more clear;
Like love-smiles to the moody mind,
Which in the heart leave joy behind,
That kiss will be; and zephyrs, love,
Shall round its brink more lightly trip,
And breathe perfume
Of flow’rets’ bloom,
As sweet as from some Cassia grove:
For oh! there is a power divine,
A sweeter power than found in wine,
In woman’s rosy humid lip.’

‘WOMAN.

‘A woman’s love’s the ruff’d sea,
Her heart the rock it laves;
The shifting sands her constancy,
Her plighted vows the waves:
Her jealous doubts the raging storm;
The vessel it has wreck’d
Her lover; his once favour’d form
With ruin’d hopes bedeck’d.

‘A woman’s reason’s thistle-down,
Her vanity the air
Of words, which it is wafted on,
To wander here and there:
On ev’ry idle breath it flies,
But has no settled way,
And he who on its aid relies
Is surely led astray.

‘A woman’s virtue is a star
Which in a wintry night
Shines brightly, but more coldly far,
And chills us with its light:
Too temperate for fierce desire,
Too chaste, too cold to win;
The tempting of a fiend ’twould tire,
To heaven itself akin.

‘A woman’s tongue’s a busy bee,
And scandal is the flow’r
On which it sips industriously,
And feeds each summer hour:
Her mouth, her lovely mouth! completes
The well-wrought hive and home,
Her opening lips of richest sweets—
The sweetest honeycomb!

‘A woman’s eyes, tho’ bright and brisk,
And sweet beyond compare,
Have glances like the basilisk,
And glance but to ensnare:
Then, if her love’s possess’d, ’tis loss;
Her beauty brings but pain;
Her vanity will reason cross;
Her virtue’s little gain.

‘Yet woman, she has all that’s bless’d,
A magic to enthrall,
For nature form’d her as the best
And fairest work of all!
And oh! I will, while verse exalts
Her name, where’er she be,
Love, worship her, with all her faults,—
For woman still is she.’

‘SONG.

‘The chain is wove: caught in the snare,
My heart I must resign;
Yet ah! without that *ruse de guerre*,
It was already thine.
Tho’ stolen honey is more sweet,
And Cupid is thy debtor,
My passion’s bliss is incomplete,—
To win thy heart were better.’

Shakspeare and Honest King George versus Parson Irving and the Puritans, or Taste and Common Sense refuting Cant and Hypocrisy. By an Actor. 8vo. pp. 19. London, 1824.

As Mr. Irving attacked every thing and every body in the course of his sermons, he may expect to be assailed in return. His *Trial* was a knock-down blow, after Hazlitt had stunned him; Cobbett gave him a kick or two in passing, and several others have given him a gratuitous thrust; and, lastly, comes our ‘Actor,’ with a caricature engraving and nineteen pages of attack and defence. The writer vindicates the stage from the attack of Mr. Irving, and other sectarians, with considerable force, and has certainly the best of the argument. We quote a passage as a specimen:—

‘It is to the theatre—to the theatre in its perfection, that we must look for native expression, appropriate action, and varied intonation, with all those other nameless graces, which approach to the *beau ideal* of a finished delivery. It was the theatre which tempered into method the impetuosity of a Burke, and supplied the chastened and classic delivery of a Chatham. From the theatre flowed those touching intonations which thrilled through the melting periods of the much-regretted Sheridan. From the same exhaustless source a Canning drew his splendid elocution; an elocution that renders brilliant even the dullest subject. It was the theatre furnished a Brougham and a Calcraft with that bold and nervous style which has so often called forth their country’s plaudits; an elocution which must have been duly appreciated by every man whose ear has been tortured by tedious monotony, in the dullness of a Bathurst, the prosing of a Wynne, or the whining of ultra-humanity Martin, of Galway*.

* ‘Note, by the Printer’s Devil.—The “Saints” and the “Tenders” want to frighten us into the puritanical line; but it won’t do. After a hard week’s work at press, I rise early

theatre did the prince of orators himself, the Athenian Demosthenes, derive that overwhelming eloquence which struck panic into the adherents of Philip, and rolled back into the tide of despotism from the confines of his country. Such are a few of the advantages accruing to society from the amusements of a well-regulated theatre.'

ORIGINAL.

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS.
No. II.

ERE I set out on my second peregrination, permit me, good Mr. Editor, to return you my best thanks for your politeness in forwarding the numerous cards and letters left for me at your office. Little did I think my first appearance in print would have excited such a sensation, or that the humble Asmodeus should all at once have got into such favour; in short, Mr. Editor, like the ex-sheriff who relieved the sighs of Hannah White, and added an unit to the population of Mary-la-bonne, I have become a 'public character,' and am every day receiving invitations from all classes of society. I have already been elected a member of the University, United Service, and Traveller, Clubs, and have been respectfully invited to enrol my name in the Royal Society of Literature—the usual mode of ballot being waived in this particular instance; but, understanding that this worthy body has got the *sobriquet* of 'the Noodle Club,' and being no friend to nicknames, I have declined the honour intended me.

Then, for private parties—why there has not been a ball or rout, from Hyde Park to Houndsditch, to which I have not been invited,—not to mention public exhibitions, religious meetings, and

on Sunday, take my rod and line, as my father did before me, seek some good air for my health, and catch a dish of fish for my extra appetite. Now, our compositor warns me, as I am pisciverous, that the *humanity-run-mad member for Galway* is passing an act, making it felony, for a "rod and line, with a fool at one end and a worm at the other," to lacerate the mouths of the little "piscatory innocents," (an old pike, for instance,) and inflict torture, by hooking them out of their native element.

'My cousin Tim, at Bagnigge Well's Brewery, says, that Saint W—lb—rforce and the "Vicious Society" have given his master notice of a persecution, because the BEER WORKS ON A SUNDAY.

'Tim keeps fowls: Mr. Coo—, the methodist cheesemonger, threatens to *have him up*, for suffering the hens to lay eggs on the Sabbath; and the old cock, that for five years roused Tim to his work at day-break, has been marked by the eye of the elect as a most immoral bird, and threatened with the new Vagrant Act.'

'select parties' formed on purpose to meet Mr. Asmodeus. You might see, by my letter last week, that I wrote in a hurry, having just quitted the Literary Fund dinner, stupified by bad verse, which even good port could not overcome. By the bye, I forgot to mention a good joke of the punster-in-ordinary to the Morning Post: asking a gentleman near him the name of the worthy baronet who recited his dull verses, he was answered—Ashburnham;—'Aye, burn 'em, indeed,' said he, 'for they want fire!' This is the witty gentleman who wrote a beautiful epigrammatic pun, or punning epigram, on Capt. Parry's fête, and presented fifty copies of it for the use of the Esquimaux. As you may not have seen this delectable *morceau*, allow me to transcribe it:—

'COCKNEY PRAISE.

'"Vat a treat!" cried Miss Jumps, "nothing ever so fine

Have I seen *has* this naval gala!

Parry's efforts to-day prove him fitted to shine,

Has well as go hoff with *H-ecla!*"'

But to resume my travels.—I know of nothing that gave me more pleasure in my rambles about the metropolis than visiting Exeter Change when Mr. Cross threw it open to the boys of the Military Asylum, who were afterwards regaled with a glass of wine and a bun each by Mr. Clark. To see the seem-bryo warriors—the sons of those who sustained the honour of their country in the hour of peril, marching in files with as much precision as a regiment of the guards, was indeed delightful; while the little band played those inspiring airs which warm the heart of every Briton.

On Thursday I went to the Masquerade at the Argyle Rooms; and, to say the truth, the thing was tolerably well got up, though 'they order these matters better in France.' The masks were numerous, and some of them good, particularly your friend Jonathan W. Doubikin, who was no bad representative of the character, à la Mathews. There were nuns who, to my knowledge, have buried three husbands each; young quakeresses who keep a dancing-school; Moll Flagons who could neither drink a glass of gin nor smoke a pipe; harlequins that *could* not leap, and clowns that *would* not fall; and dandies, in *propria persona*, innumerable. I might tell you that I said soft things to a sylph-like creature who turned out to be my own housemaid, but such adventures have figured in so many novels and farces, that I should scarcely be credited—yet 'pon my life its true.'

I had intended to give a long account of the rowing-match, in which six officers of the 3rd Guards rowed, in a six-oared wherry, from Oxford to London, a distance of 118 miles, in less than sixteen hours; but the melancholy intelligence of the death of Lord Byron has quite unfitted me for describing such a scene as the banks of the Thames presented on the occasion. As soon as I could resume sufficient spirit to go into society, I walked to Vauxhall, and was kindly shown over the gardens, where great improvements have taken place for the accommodation of the public: but, as

'It was to illumine these *walks* of shade

That gas-lights and the girls were made,'

I shall not speak of the gardens until they open: but when they have those necessary appendages, I shall be a frequent visitor.

O! Mr. Editor, I have had such a treat. You must know I have breakfasted and dined with the king and queen of the Sandwich Islands, who arrived here a few days ago, and have taken up their abode at Osborn's Hotel, in the Adelphi. I found them playing a rubber at whist, double dummy, for a rumpsteak and oyster sauce for half a dozen. The queen won, and very politely *commanded* me to be of the party, when with that respect to which every anointed king is entitled, I accepted the honour. Instead of finding his majesty—

'A full gorg'd savage at a nauseous feast,'

I was soon convinced that he was a 'marvellous proper man,' and might pass for an honest John Bull who had served seven years in the Indigo warehouse, in Leadenhall Street. He is stout and well made; is, like all his countrymen, fond of boxing and wrestling, and will, I doubt not, if he remains long enough in London, have a trial for the championship. His majesty, who I am sorry to find has an alias to his name, is called Rihoo Rihoo, but his regal name is Tamehameho. He is accompanied by the governor of Wahoo, (which is the seat of royalty in the Sandwich Islands) who is a very intelligent man. After dinner we had a segar each, and, *proh pudor*, his majesty would have very irreverently lighted his pipe with a religious tract that a certain lady had sent him, had not I and the governor interposed, Jeremy Bentham's last volume, out of which the king tore a few leaves. Our conversation was rather general than otherwise: so far as I was able to ascertain, his majesty is fond of good living, for one of his first inquiries was if I

knew Dr. Kitchener, and he afterwards asked which was the best chop-house. I mentioned Dolly's, the Cheshire Cheese, my friend Watkins's in Thread-needle Street, and two or three others I am in the habit of occasionally frequenting, all of which his majesty of Wahoo promised to try.

I was anxious, so far as was consistent with good manners, to learn the object of his Majesty's visit, but found that the secrets of great sovereigns are not more easily obtained at Wahoo than in other countries. I mentioned the rumour that he came to surrender his island to Great Britain, on account of some dread of an attack by the Russians. 'The Russians,' said he, 'why I would eat their emperor to breakfast, as easily as a pot of their caviare; besides, has not my friend Bowring proved that Russia is perfectly feeble; indeed, when she dare not attack Turkey, it would be madness to suppose her capable of the presumption of meditating a design against Wahoo.' The king then entered into a contrast of the savage state of society in Russia, compared with that of the Sandwich Islands, by which I found he had read Dr. Lyall's work to advantage. The king was alluding to the Physical society at Moscow, when a sensitive blush on the cheek of the queen reminded his majesty of the delicacy due to the sex.

I hinted to his majesty, that it was reported his visit to England was in order to become acquainted with our institutions, that he might give a constitution to his people. 'Institutions and constitutions be d—,' said his majesty, when a glance from his royal consort checked him; he added, 'I come for London porter and a loan.' At this moment the lord in waiting, in the person of the head waiter at Osborn's, announced the arrival of Mrs. Fry and Mr. Wilberforce, when I respectfully took my leave. By the bye, I forgot to say that the queen bears a strong resemblance to that much-injured and illustrious personage, the princess Olive of Cumberland, who, I understand, is much reformed, and is living within *Rules*.

I forgot to mention that I have written you a chapter of the life of Lord Byron, which, *entre nous*, you might pass over for a leaf out of his memoirs, which have been destroyed; but you are so squeamish, that I suppose you would not adopt it. Some of your contemporaries are less scrupulous, and would give more ample scope to the genius of

ASMODEUS.

GLENDOWER'S OAK.

WHAT an interest does tradition give to objects and places which have in themselves little to attract attention or awaken curiosity! It seems as if a magic circle were drawn around the spot, within which imagination conjures up the shadows of past times, and peoples the surrounding scenery with these, the visionary phantoms of its own creation.

I never recollect to have experienced this kind of feeling more strongly than on viewing the decayed oak from which the celebrated Owen Glendower is said to have reconnoitred the forces of King Henry the Fourth. Whether or not my mind was at the time in a state more than ordinarily adapted to receive such a train of ideas, I cannot tell; but, certainly, the reverie into which I was thrown by the association of former events with the objects then present to my view was such, that the impression of it has never been erased from my memory.

The tree, standing about a quarter of a mile from Shrewsbury, on the right of the road leading to Oswestry, and though now sinking to decay, seems not unlikely still to outlast many of the fleeting generations of man. Venerable relic, thought I, what a lesson dost thou teach of frail mortality! How many ages hast thou withstood the fury of the elements! The tempest has raged around thee, and the winds have beat on thee in vain; still thou puttest forth thy young leaves in the spring, dressing thy aged venerable boughs in the gay livery of the season; in autumn they fade away, and leave thee naked and forlorn, to abide the nipping sharpness of the wintry blast! Even such is man, when those who were united to him by the ties of affection are swept away by death!

What revolutions in the tide of human affairs must this tree have witnessed! how many generations, whose deeds still live in the pages of history, have flourished and faded, since the time that its boughs were mounted by the feet of Glendower! These fields, where the peaceful husbandman now pursues his labours, once resounded with the clang of arms and the fearful blast of the war-trumpet! here stood the Cambrian chieftain, surrounded by his mountain warriors,—from those branches did he view the assembled forces of the English monarch!

From the contemplation of him who could 'call spirits from the vasty deep,' my mind naturally turned to that spark of chivalry, the gallant Hotspur. The

inimitable scenes of Shakspeare had so taken possession of my imagination, that the characters seemed to pass in rapid succession before me. The vicinity of Shrewsbury could not fail to suggest the memorable battle which was fought near that place. Fancy dimly pictured in the distance the contention of the steel-clad warriors. The glittering confusion of helm and cuirass, with the prancing of steeds, and all the wild disorder of the battle-field, came on my entranced vision in the softened splendour of a moonlight representation. Here waved the banner of the 'spirit Percy,'—there the 'fiend Douglas' carried death and horror in his course; nor was that choice youth, the gallant Prince Hal, with his humorous companion, the fat knight, forgotten. The alarm of Falstaff, even at the dead body of the 'gunpowder Percy,' when he goes to stab it in the thigh, and the glee with which he boasts that he fought him an hour by Shrewsbury clock, were present to my mind's eye, and I could not avoid smiling at the whimsical device of that masterpiece of humour.

So thoroughly entangled was I in the witchery with which the pen of our immortal bard has invested this spot, that I could not for a long time dispossess myself of the ideas it had occasioned, but continued my pedestrian route towards Oswestry, full of the thoughts which had been awakened by the contemplation of this venerable relic of antiquity.

R. R.

WONDERFUL LITERARY DISCOVERY.

THE following sapient article appeared in an English journal, and was copied as a curiosity, without a commentary, in Galignani's Weekly Register:—

Literary Theft.—In Mr. Addison's works is published a comedy, entitled *The Drummer; or, the Haunted House*; which was performed during his life-time, and presented, as his, to the public.—His most intimate friends do not appear to have had any doubts as to his being the author. Sir Richard Steele, in a preface which is published with this comedy, states conversations that he had with Mr. Addison upon the subject, in which he invariably speaks of him as the author, and, after a high eulogium upon the merits of the piece, concludes by observing, that Mr. Addison had in this very happily imitated the style of Molière. Had he said *Destouches*, his observation would have been nearer the truth; for the fact is, this comedy is nothing more than a bad version of a very spirited piece of that author, called *Le Tombeaux Nocturne*. The plot, scenes, and characters, are precisely the same. All Mr. Addison has

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done is to change the scene of action from France to England, the names of the dramatis personæ, and, in translating the dialogue, to endeavour to substitute English humour for French; and in doing this he suffered all the spirit of the original to evaporate, and produced a mawkish piece, which even his deservedly great reputation was not sufficient to make popular. That the original has merit enough to stand the test of translation, if done with judgment, has been lately proved from the success which has attended its performance in the Spanish language at Madrid.

Poor Addison! accused of a literary theft a century after his death, and that in terms, too, which would seem to leave no doubt of the author being acquainted with both the French *original* and the English *plagiarism*. The literary world cannot but feel grateful to the author of such an important discovery; but our sense of gratitude would have been still more exalted, had this *savant* condescended to tell us how it happened that the *Drummer*, which came out in 1717, was stolen from *Le Tombeaux Nocturne*, which only came out in 1762!

Nericault Destouches, author of *Le Tombeaux Nocturne*, arrived in London the very year the *Drummer* was first performed, as secretary to the French ambassador, the Abbé (afterwards Cardinal) Dubois, who negotiated with so much ability the famous triple alliance of France, England, and Holland, against Spain. The abbé left Destouches at London, as *charge d'affaires*. Dubois, whose ambition was boundless as his vices and depravity, on the demise of Cardinal de la Trimouille, archbishop of Cambray, intreated the tyrant to bestow it on him. The duke, who had been educated by Dubois, and who had made him his minister, and confided to him the most important functions, was yet so sensible of the total unfitness of the companion of his debaucheries for an archbishop, that he said to him, 'art thou mad? thou an archbishop? who dare even to make thee a priest?' The abbé, foiled but not defeated, took the strangest method that could be imagined to insure success: this was to get a protestant prince to intercede for him, and this prince was George the First.

Dubois wrote to Destouches, to ask George the First to write to the regent, the Duke of Orleans, to give him the archbishopric. The king said,—'Impossible? how can a protestant prince meddle in the affairs of making an archbishop of France? The Regent would laugh at it, and do nothing'—'Pardon me, sire, the duke would laugh at it, and grant your majesty's request.

The recollection of the eminent services rendered by Dubois in the Triple alliance, induced his majesty to write the letter, which had all the success Dubois anticipated; but another difficulty was still to be got over. Dubois had never been ordained,—he had not even taken deacon's orders: and when he told the priest that he had not only to confer on him the priesthood, but the deaconship and sub-deaconship, he exclaimed—'Do you not also require to be baptized.'—To the disgrace of Massillon, he certified for the morality of Dubois as proper for an archbishop. Dubois, by his intrigues, in a few years afterwards obtained a cardinal's hat, but his vices put a period to his ambitious career: he died in 1723, a prey to a shameful disorder.

Destouches died the 4th of July, 1754. His first known comedy, of the *Drummer* (*Le Tombeaux*), was played in 1762, which his biographer thus characterises:—'There is but one good scene in it,—that of the discovery; to make this piece supportable, it ought to be reduced to one act, and the characters should belong to the lowest classes of society.'

A DEAD TAKE-IN.

AN ANECDOTE.

SOME few years back, while an East Indiaman was lying at Canton, a party was sent on shore for fresh water, accompanied by a young officer, who took with him his double-barrelled gun, and amused himself, until attacked by several of the natives, when he fired, and unfortunately killed one of the men: this deterred the rest from pursuit, and he escaped. On the following day a great stir was made about this business; the trade was suspended, and, as usual, the officer was demanded as an expiatory sacrifice to the *manes* of the deceased Chinese. This could not be agreed to; but, instead of the officer, a large sum in dollars was offered to *hush up* the matter; but no, fond as they are of dollars, the great men at Canton, in this instance, would have a life for a life.

Just at this juncture, the butcher of the Indiaman committed suicide, when some cunning dog of the ship's company found out that he was about the size of the officer who had shot a Chinese instead of a parroquet; and it was thought he might be passed off very well for him. The body was, therefore, dressed in a suit of the other's uniform, and the poor butcher was unwittingly promoted after his decease; the dirk was strapped round his body, and every thing done to make it appear that he was the officer, who was very snugly put out of sight; the villanous butcher's knife was changed for a town-made razor, which was besmeared with blood, and put into the deceased's hands. When all was ready, a boat was despatched to the shore, to say that the authorities might now have the body of the offending officer. A mandarin was sent on board, saw the officer lay dead with his own eyes, and having so seen, said, 'it was *no fashion* (no use) to take a dead man; but as he was dead, they had better bury him, and pay the money at first offered!' A very wise Chinese decision.

It was never rightly known how much money was paid on this occasion, but the dead butcher, who so civilly committed suicide at this critical moment, and a few Spanish dollars, soon set the junks at work again.

Biography.

LORD BYRON.

It is with no common feeling of pity and regret, with no mawkish affectation of sorrow, that the intelligence of the death of Lord Byron has been received by the public. No living author ever occupied so large a portion of the public attention—to no one was the reputation of transcendent talents more universally accorded—few had stronger claims on public sympathy, on account of his domestic affairs—and no man's life was ever consecrated by a more generous death. Warriors may be anxious to die as they have lived—on the field of battle; and soldiers of fortune may hazard their lives every hour, in the hope of promotion and reward; but with these war is a trade. A factious spirit, too often closely allied to patriotism, may seek to effect some reform at the hazard of a country's tranquillity: but none of these were the objects for which Lord Byron sacrificed himself. Rich in fortune and in fame, he saw that classic land—the birth-place of an Alcibiades, a Socrates, and a Homer—that land once supreme in arts and arms, trodden under the hoofs of infidel despots; long had his generous heart bled for Greece, when somewhat of her ancient spirit broke forth, and the dawn of liberty seemed at hand.

Europe—cool calculating Europe,—caught not the generous flame, and the Greeks were not only left to contend

unaided against the impetuous Mussulmans, but they were without pecuniary resources, and had become disorganized by the jealousies of their chiefs. Byron saw and felt this; and he determined to devote his fortune, his person, and the energies of his mighty mind to the emancipation of Greece. The happiest results followed him wherever he went: the chiefs, who had suffered their little rivalries to neutralize their efforts, united in the common cause; the troops were paid; English tactics were introduced; military schools formed for the instruction of youth; new levies raised; and every thing promised success, when Death, deeming Byron's measure of fame full to the brim, snatched him from us,—from us—from humanity—from the world. This melancholy event took place at Mesalongi, on the 19th of April. He had been seized with a rheumatic fever on the 9th of that month; and, it is said, refused to be bled when recommended by his physicians. After lingering ten days, he expired. His last words, before the delirium which overwhelmed his gigantic mind within three days of his death, were, 'I wish it to be known that my last thoughts were given to *my wife, my child, and my sister*;' thus proving, notwithstanding the malignant insinuations of the world to the contrary, that domestic ties were ever dear to him, and that his heart was susceptible of the finest emotions.

No sooner was his death known at Mesalongi, than the people, who had watched his sickness with the most painful anxiety, abandoned themselves to grief: the Easter festivals were suspended,—all the public offices, including the courts of justice, were shut forthree days:—business was suspended—funeral ceremonies performed in all the churches—and a general mourning ordered for the same time. Other honours will no doubt be paid to the memory of the illustrious bard: and we agree with the author of a memoir of his lordship, just published, in the following impassioned observations:—

'Although Byron has been cut off in the midst of his days, and at the commencement of a new branch of his career—a branch of it which, had it been allowed to grow to its full extent, would have caused monuments to be raised and pæans sung to his memory, wherever the light of genius dawned or the foot of freedom came; yet no man of the age has put in so strong and so

successful claims to immortality; and had he lived to see Liberty enthroned anew in his beloved Greece, and science and song dwelling again in his adored Athena, the pleasure and the triumph would have been too exquisite and too great for mortal man. It was enough that the voice of his inspiration breathed upon the dry bones of that land of many wonders and of long slavery,—that he traversed the whole of Greece, preaching his crusade of freedom, not in the cold words of the lip, but in the warm breathings of the heart, against her barbarian lords,—and that, when his own eye closed, it closed in sight of a people among whom was his heart living and dead. The world will envy Greece in this: every one will wish that his own air had fanned the burning cheek of the bard, when his heart gave its last throb for the deliverance of man from the trammels of civil and intellectual slavery. But the envy will be in vain. Greece was the land appointed by heaven for this high honour. Let her sons catch, keep, and exercise to its full extent, that mighty spirit which proved too vast for dwelling more than thirty-six brief years in the frame of Byron. Losing him in his bodily presence, let them keep him in their minds. Let them carry on and complete the work of their deliverance; let them build Athens anew, and people her again with the chosen spirits of the earth; and when they have done this, let them raise, upon the loftiest summit of the Acropolis, the monument of Lord Byron, bearing the chiseled likeness of a head, which found no superior among their own models, and left no equal among living men.—Then they may look upon what they have effected for the human race, and inscribe the page of the record

‘ΤΕΛΟΣ.’

Any memoir that we could now give of Lord Byron has been so completely anticipated by the biographical notices that have appeared of him in preceding volumes of the *Literary Chronicle*, (see Nos. 23, 159, 160,) that we shall only state for the present, that George Gordon Lord Byron was descended from a noble line of ancestry, and was born on the 22nd of January, 1788, and succeeded to the peerage when only ten years of age; his mother, Mrs. Gordon, was descended from the house of Stuart. Of the genius of Lord Byron we have often had occasion to speak.—The world is filled with his fame, and posterity will associate with the

names of a Shakspeare, and a Milton, that of a Byron.

A considerable sensation has been excited by a statement in the *Times* newspaper, that the Memoirs of Lord Byron, written by himself, and presented to Mr. Moore, have been destroyed. Mr. Moore had sold the MS. to Mr. Murray, for £2000; but, considering that there might be something objectionable in their publication, consulted Lord Byron's sister, and they burnt them. The *Star* says it is authorized to state that these circumstances are extremely incorrect, but does not say that the MSS. are not destroyed. We can scarcely think that Mr. Moore would do this, and we deny his right thus to disregard the wishes of his friend and to violate the conditions on which the MS. was given to him; and if the public is really deprived of this invaluable treasure, we should presume that it was in consequence of some later wish of the illustrious deceased.

The following is a proclamation issued by the Greek authorities at Mesalongi, to the inhabitants, on the death of the noble lord.

PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF GREECE.

'The present days of festivity are converted into days of bitter lamentation for all—

'Lord Noel Byron departed this life to-day about eleven o'clock in the evening, in consequence of a rheumatic inflammatory fever, which had lasted for ten days.

'During the time of his illness, your general anxiety evinced the profound sorrow that pervaded your hearts. All classes, without distinction of sex or age, oppressed by grief, entirely forgot the days of Easter.

'The death of this illustrious personage is certainly a most calamitous event for all Greece, and still more lamentable for this city, to which he was eminently partial, of which he became a citizen, and of the dangers of which he was determined personally to partake, when circumstances should require it.

'His munificent donations to this community are before the eyes of every one; and no one amongst us ever ceased, or ever will cease, to consider him, with the purest and most grateful sentiments, our benefactor.

'Until the dispositions of the national government regarding this calamitous event be known, by virtue of the decree of the legislature, No. 314, of date the 15th October, it is ordained—

'1. To-morrow, by sun-rise, thirty-seven minute-guns shall be fired from the batteries of this town, equal to the number of years of the deceased personage.

'2. All public offices, including all courts of justice, shall be shut for three following days.

* Life and Genius of Lord Byron. By Sir Cosmo Gordon. 8vo. pp. 80.

'3. All shops, except those for provisions and medicines, shall also be kept shut; and all sorts of musical instruments, all dances customary in these days, all sorts of festivity and merriment in the public taverns, and every other sort of public amusement, shall cease during the above-named period.

'4. A general mourning shall take place for twenty-one days.

'5. Funeral ceremonies shall be performed in all the churches.

(Signed) 'A. MAUROCORDATO.

'GIORGIA PRAIDI, Secretary,
'Mesolongi, 17th April, 1824.'

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy shelter'd vallies proudly spread;
And, England, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy leaths with blossoms red.
But ah! what poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy wide domain;
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,
That ever breath'd the soothing strain?

HANG your harps o'er the waters to weep,
The sweetest of poets is dead!
He slumbers in death's silent sleep,
And the cypress waves over his head!
Drop, ye willows, your pearls o'er his tomb,
All nature in sadness appear;
Let the moon be enveloped in gloom,
And its halo be dimm'd with a tear!

The bard who so late strung his lyre
The cold urn shall wrap in its breast;
That bosom which love did inspire,
Eternity points to its rest!
No more the sweet maidens of Greece,
Enraptured, shall dwell on his name;
The harp, with its master's at peace,
And lost its Promethean flame!

No friend of his youth clos'd his eyes,
Nor soften'd his pillow of care;
No wife mingled tears with his sighs,
Nor child of his bosom was there!
That heart which for liberty breath'd,
Lies embalm'd in the land of the brave;
Whose sword shall never be sheath'd,
'Till it vanquish the coward and slave!
16th May. HATT.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON,
IN GREECE.

He sleeps in the land of his earliest dream,
In the scene of his brightest story;
The language that kindled his patriot flame
Has haunted the dirge of his glory!—

And the sons of the heroes of ancient days,
O'er the grave of their brother are mourning;
For he came to their succour, he came for their
praise,

Like the might of their fathers returning.
Oh, his was a spirit, great, gloomy, and dread,
Where Hector and Homer were blended;
For the cloud of the grave round his brightness
was spread,
When the flash of his thunder descended.

He haunted the patriot's earliest tomb,
And sung like an orphan his sadness;
For vainly he look'd o'er the vallies of gloom,
For the heirs of that freedom and gladness!

He has hallow'd their cause, it has hallow'd his
name,
Their fame is embalm'd with his glory;

Even the Turk, while he bleeds on his pages
with shame,
Immortally lives in their story.

But Britain must mourn with a deeper distress,
And silent and lonely her weeping;
For who can reply with a soothing address,
Like the song of the bard that is sleeping?

Oh, then, let the light of his pages be sought,
Let her breathe in his language her sorrow;
She cannot be wrung with one anguishing
thought,

But there she its language may borrow.
The course of his spirit was awfully high,
Among the dread regions of thunder;
It flash'd through the deep and it flamed
through the sky,—
It burst every trammel asunder!

He looked on the world—it was splendour or
gloom,
All midnight or noon, in his mirror:—
He search'd heaven and earth, and he rent
every tomb
For the stories of rapture and terror.

Yet think not the soft harp of passion unstrung,
In sympathy, sadness, or pleasure;
Like the syren he wept—like the syren he sung,
With a magical sweetness of measure.

The gloom and the tempest would pass from
the sphere,
And the landscape bloom lovely and tender;
His genius would beam in the dew of a tear,
Or rise from the ocean in splendour.

But he rests in the chilly embraces of death,
And his soul to its home is taken;
The angel has hush'd the wild strain of his
breath,
And who shall its slumbers awaken!

Thus far thrills the harp with a pensive regret,
As it tells of its master departed;
But dark with despair for the spirit that's set,
Is the land of the cross broken-hearted!

For oh! that his tears with his song could
cease,
That all was an halo of brightness;
But ah! he too little has courted that peace,
For he thought on his MAKER with lightness.

He has waked into life,—doubt and hope are no
more,—

He has look'd on eternity's pages;
All is awfully true that was fancy before,
And fate lifts the curtain of ages.

There is one who will ask of his talents their
gain,
And judge without error his merits;
Then he who was first in the orders of men
May be last in the kingdom of spirits!

Shrewsbury, May 18, 1824. C. A. HULBERT.

ROYAL RELIGIOUS POETRY.

VERSES composed by the present King
of Morocco, are recited every morning,
from the top of the eminences of his
palace, after the invocation, inviting all
the true believers to prayer.—The origi-
nal is in five lines, of which the fol-
lowing is a literal translation:—

'Glory to the one God.
'Night flies and causes the darkness to
disappear with it, and the aurora, in sur-
rounding it, brings back the light.

'Homage to him who is the king, the

only one by excellence, and thanks be to
him for all the blessings he sheds upon us.'

A translation can of course give no
idea of the Arabic versification, which
is very well for a king, and better than
perhaps any European monarch could
execute, while the piety that reigns in
the lines is a lesson for the best of them.

Original Poetry.

SOLITUDE.

GIVE me a little country seat,
Romantic form'd, simple, neat;
Within a coppice, near a hill,
Beside a pure meandering rill,
With osiers bending o'er the stream,
Where hermit lives and seldom seen,
Retired in his lonely grot,
By all forgetting and forgot!
Where pleasing twilight sheds its ray,
And shadows fall at evening grey,
Lit by the sun's departing smile,
Lingering on some ruin'd pile;
Where the owl seeks among
Its broken caves her callow young,
And the nightingale is heard
(Melancholy's favourite bird)—
Distant in the woods among,
Chaunting her nocturnal song;
Far remov'd from noise and strife,
Let me live a quiet life;
From the towns tumultuous roar,
Where nature sheds her balmy store,—
Where God is seen and understood
In mildly pleasing solitude! HATT.

THE COCKNEY'S RETREAT;

OR, A SPECIMEN OF MODERN BLANK VERSE *.

Oh, not in Exeter 'Change, or office splash'd,
Or Surrey Street, love, would I dwell with thee;
But in a lowly watch-box, not so high
But that the lantern's light could reach the
roof,

And in an ink-shed humour, paint thee, love:
A small white watch house, near St. Dunce-
tan's caves,

Where the two bellmen beat; and at the door
Should be a little porch for charleys sitting.
The rattles here should have no other spring
Than snoring airs from noses. In the room
A chair be plac'd, whose worship, fast asleep,
Together with his wife's unruly clack,
Should make some good snug charges; and
some books,

O'er which Sir Richard's eye should glance at
morn,

And fine the culprits to our mutual profit;
And ballads on the walls—stories that gave
A terror to the tread-wheel's shock and jerk
And gaolers' scanning; and black looks, where
dwell

The dark clang fetters, so that we might prize
Still more the quiet of our gas-light birth.

Our street-beat should be cockneyish love, and
we—

We would be proud of it; our Cock Lane
ghosts

(Those nightly haunters of Sepulchre's Church)
Should be the first to scare, and our pale cheeks

* Longuemanne's Cunnyng Advertiser of
Saturday se'nnight, having had an 'anticipa-
tory inspection' of this exquisite blank verse, it
is due to the author to give the original.

Should redden as we view'd them. In the shade

Of an old wall whose bricks hung o'er the flags
Of broken pavement, we would place our stool,
And sit and show and smoke the fogs till morn;
Around the courts and lanes should tranquil be;
Shops and stalls shutter'd, and their doors so safe

With the defensive bar and bolting lock;
And, in the market time, the garden carts
Pluck off their cabbage leaves and turnip roots,
Away: yet still the office should be seen
Visible, peeping from the smothering Strand,
With its low aspect and half-glazed door;
And there should be a little *Death's-head* girl,
With silly love stuff and crazy musing,
Should scribble funny nonsense for gazettes;—
Her wailing would approach the edit.'s ear,
Touch'd with the type-dove's mania for his mate:—

I could be happy any where with thee;
But this, dear love!—this would be called—
crim. con.

CON-VERSES—TRAVERSESES—IN-VERSES;

Or, an Old New Song of the Times.

[Scene—Islington.]

'Tis said that old Isledon's regions were healthy,
And houses in knots there were built for the wealthy;
That the poor at their cots, in the shade of their trees,
Drank cream and ate buns with their children at ease.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

'Tis said that Wat Tyler ranged over these grounds,
And the poll-tax told folks to take care of their crowns;
That the famous Jack Straw, with mobility's host,
Showed kings and their monks that *straw jacks* ruled the roast.

Derry, &c.

'Tis said that the Romans pitched tents for relieve,
All the citizens bulwarks with force to deceive;
But cottages now in a park there are pitched,
And deer enough, too, with tent-meetings bewitched.

Derry, &c.

Robin Hood and his giant compeer, Little John,
Used to shoot, and gain prizes of gloves to put on;
But, alas! in each rural and beautiful spot,
Heaps of rubbish, called houses, in mortars are shot.

Derry, &c.

Then Duval was a knight of a gallant deport,
The pride of the ladies from mansion to court;
He took from the rich and he gave to the poor,
Until Tyburn took him, and Duval was no more.

Derry, &c.

Huge Middleton brought the New River from Ware,
And to see such a stream how the cockneys did stare!
Old Grim-all-day the first then came out of the Wells,
And Sir *Huge* he went in, as his history tells.

Derry, &c.

For places of worship, one church was enough;
Now meetings and chapels with sinners we stuff;

And a chapel of ease, as parishioners feel,
Is the hardest of all to sit down in and kneel.

Derry, &c.

Old hens used to cluck round their ducks in the pond,

And turkeys and geese of their offspring were fond;

But the baker can hatch them as fast as he hatches

Young loaves, light of weight, in his fancy-bred batches.

Derry, &c.

A tunnel runs under the river for boats,
And coach-boys play tunes upon the bugles by notes;

The horns, once at Highgate, so curled and so worn,

Are exalted elsewhere,—or where else are they shorn?

Derry, &c.

Watchmen once were the vigilant guardians of night,

But now they can snore in their slumbers by right;

If you hear but their rattles, 'tis when they shall stop

To rattle their throats with a spirituous drop.

Derry, &c.

Prison-fanciers still tread in the steps of the law,

And they mill by their feet for the measure they draw;

O! 'tis shocking that women in labour should go,

Without filling their arms with sweet babies to crow.

Derry, &c.

But a period I'll put to the end of my verse:
Let it stand as a point I will never rehearse;
Thus, a *felo de se*, in cross words I shall lie,
With a stake in my *mews* and a *mole* in my eye.

Derry down.

April 12, 1824.

J. R. P.

Literature and Science.

THE new novel in the press from the pen of the author of *Waverley*, is entitled 'Redgauntlet, a tale of the Eighteenth Century.'

We understand that Mr. Dupins, late his Britannic Majesty's envoy and consul at Ashantee, is about to publish a journal of his residence in that kingdom, which is expected to throw considerable light on the origin and cause of the present war.

Mr. Harris Nicholas has in the press a small work, intended for the use of the antiquaries, historians, and the legal profession; containing tables which show exactly the year of our Lord, corresponding with the year of the reign of each monarch;—an alphabetical and chronological calendar of Saints' days, and other festivals on which ancient records are dated: also tables showing on what day of the month and week, each moveable feast, &c. occurred; and an account of all provincial registers of wills, with a list of the parishes in each diocese subject to peculiar jurisdiction; and a full description of the contents of all the works published by the commission for the preservation of the public records, and other useful matter.

At the sitting of the Institute, Academy des Sciences, in Paris, on Monday the 10th, M. Cuvier read a treatise, which, though rather too long, was very interesting, on the anatomy of the brain. A se-

cond treatise was read, which, with the former, occupied nearly the whole sitting; the writer (an orator) proved by his own experience that since the cessation of the slave-trade in a part of the United States, the *yellow fever* has wholly disappeared, which fact justifies the conjectures of M. Andouard, and almost proves that the slave ships are the original cause of this dreadful scourge to Europeans—*Diserte justitiam moniti!* What a lesson for the merchants of human blood!

A literary French journal observes that more than 1000 copies of *La Biographie des Contemporains, par Napoleon*, were sold last week, with a remark that scandal never fails in its effect.

Among the books in the library of the late Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, was a curious tract entitled *Doleman's Conference* about the next Succession to the Crown of England, original edition, very rare, with the *Genealogical Arbor*, 1504, supposed to have been written by Cardinal Allen, Sir T. Englefield, and Father Parsons, the Jesuit. *The printer was hung, drawn, and quartered*, and it was enacted, by the 35th of Elizabeth, that whoever should have this book in his house should be condemned as guilty of high treason. We know not whether this act has been repealed, or at present *graces* the statute books; if the latter, the late Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Bart., has luckily escaped, in his earnest zeal and liberal patronage of the arts, a death for which the possession of this relic could not have made him adequate compensation.

The Pelew Islands.—*Prince Le Boo*.—A correspondent having observed in an American paper (*New York Evening Post*), an account of an attack made by the natives of the Pelew Islands, about March, 1823, on an English ship, called the *Syren*, we would be glad to know if this account has ever been corroborated, as it is so strongly at variance with the generally received character of the natives, which Captain Wilson, of the English India packet, *Antelope*, wrecked there about thirty years since, represents as being peaceable in the extreme. This circumstance also suggests the recollection of the native *Prince Le Boo*, who was brought to England by Capt. Wilson, and unfortunately died of the small pox while in this country. Our correspondent would be also glad to know if the British Government ever directed any accounts to be transmitted to the King of the Pelew Islands of the death of his son, which, undoubtedly, ought to have been done, considering how highly indebted Capt. Wilson and the crew of the *Antelope* were to the king and the natives of those islands.

Trade of London.—From a return just printed by order of the House of Commons, it appears that the imports into London in 1822, were 18,054,437*l.* 18*s.* 2*d.* and the exports 21,909,606*l.* 9*s.* 5*d.* of which sum 8,414,411*l.* 2*s.* 11*d.* was foreign and colonial merchandise. The number of vessels that entered the port

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OR, FACTS,

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in 1822 was 3648 British, and 865 foreign. The total number of vessels that had moored between Limehouse and London Bridge, was, in 1822, 13,112, exclusive of ships or vessels which had entered docks and canals. In the year 1823, the arrivals of steam vessels were 945, and the departures 915. The lineal frontage of wharfs and quays extends to 6,451 feet: 141 vessels, of 100 tons and upwards, may discharge their cargoes at the same time in different places.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
May 14	45	48	43	29 56	Rain.
15	43	45	44	.. 54	Do.
16	43	50	41	.. 89	Cloudy.
17	43	56	47	30 02	Fair.
18	50	54	50	29 95	Cloudy.
19	45	55	43	.. 85	Do.
20	45	50	42	.. 77	Do.

The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Anecdote of Sir Henry Hardinge.—Sir Henry Hardinge, who has been recently involved in the affair of the Marquis of Londonderry and Mr. Battier, is an officer of distinguished bravery, and has lost an arm in the service. When, on the fall of Napoleon, the allies entered Paris, Sir Henry Hardinge was among the British officers who were stationed in the capital. One evening, while conducting some ladies home from the theatre, he was grossly insulted by a Prussian officer. He did not take any notice of the circumstance, but next day ascertained the name of the officer, and found that he was a subaltern. He therefore wrote a challenge to the commanding officer of the corps, stating the insult, which was rather national than personal, and demanding satisfaction; adding that he had addressed him as an officer of equal rank, but should afterwards call on every officer in the corps until he descended to the person that had insulted him. The commanding officer, struck with astonishment at such seeming temerity, applied to the general of division, who, equally surprised, requested an audience of Sir Henry, and, feeling the respect due to a brave officer, compelled his offending subaltern to make a public apology to Sir Henry before the assembled regiment.

Conscientious Green-grocer.—A green-grocer living not a hundred miles from Fetter Lane, having recently been elevated to the rank of parish officer, has issued a card, in which he takes the opportunity of respectfully informing his friends, that, having been appointed to the situation of beadle and warder, it is his intention not to open his shop on the sabbath-day in future, but trusts by diligence and attention to be able to supply his friends to their satisfaction during the six open days of the week.

Anecdote of Lord Minto.—His lordship (says Capt. Seely, in his Wonders of Elora), had desired me, by a note, to wait upon him at the Government-House, after church service, on a Sunday in August. It was an excessively hot day. I of course was sashed and belted, and buttoned up to the chin in scarlet. The purport of the visit was to look over some ancient maps and two or three modern MS. ones, and to consult some references in Quintus Curtius. On my entrance, his lordship stepped out from his cage, which was an enclosed space, made of gauze fastened to frame-work, standing in one of the rooms of the upper floor of the palace. 'A very hot day, sir,' he observed: 'here is a good hour's work for us.' The maps, &c. were lying on the floor, and we had to go on our knees to inspect them; and this posture and the excessive heat did not *exactly* suit my military equipment. His lordship threw off his silk coat, and observed, 'You had better do as I do.' I respectfully replied, 'It is very well in your lordship as governor-general, but it will not do in a Bombay ensign.' His lordship laughed, and repeated my observation with great glee. To show that he was not offended, he afterwards did me a material service.

Pawning versus Frying: the New Loan.
Pawnbrokers declare—

'Mistress Fry shall be boiled
Till her projects are spoiled,
If the poor she should spare:—
They exclaim, with a groan,
'If their interest she shake,
They will cause her to quake,
Till she leave them—a-lone.'

Summary Execution.—When Edric Steon, who had helped Canute to his crown, reproached his sovereign at a feast he held in the city, in the year 1003, that he had not sufficiently rewarded him for getting rid of King Edmund, the enraged monarch ordered him to be instantly put to death, though historians differ as to the mode: some say he was tormented to death with firebrands; others, that he was beheaded in the king's palace, and his body thrown into the Thames; but Stowe affirms that the king caused his body 'to be layde forth on the wall of the citie, there to remayne unburied to be sene of all men.'

Nick-names in India.—All new comers in India are called by the appellation of *Griffins*, and they must be a twelvemonth and a day in the country, before they are considered as free from the title, when they become *Quie hies*, *Bombay Ducks*,* or whatever the term may be in the part of India they are situated;—for it is to be observed that different names are given in different parts of India, to those whose term of *Griffinage* has expired, and who then become entitled to many privileges, such as the being permitted to sit with their legs on the table, lolling back in their chairs at the same time, with many other important weighty privileges.

* Mulls.

Homo Vermis.—'Man is but a worm.'

We all are creeping worms of th' earth:
Some are *silk-worms*, great by birth;
Glow-worms some, that shine by night;
Slow-worms others, apt to bite;
Some are *muck-worms*, slaves to wealth;
Maw-worms some, that wrong the health;
Some to the public no goodwillers,
Canker-worms and caterpillars:
Round about the earth we're crawling;
For a sorry life we're sprawling;
Putrid stuff we suck—it fills us;
Death then sets his foot, and kills us.

In a town, in the north of Germany, a house was lately erected for the reception of the dead (whose death was doubted), and an inscription put over the door—

'Mortis Dubie Asylum.'

The very first corpse, however, which was placed in the house, was stolen by the resurrection-men; upon which, the next morning, the following was found painted over the inscription—

'Mortis dubium Asylum.'

EPIGRAM.

Dear Phyllis, your charms, these two years,
Have cost me, girl, torrents of tears;
But still, my dear Phyllis, 'tis soothing
To think that those tears cost me nothing!

Names.—The Americans are not of the opinion of William Shakspeare, that 'that which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet,' since they are perpetually changing their names, particularly the good people of Massachusetts. We do not now speak particularly of the females,—that we suppose to be a general weakness of the sex. But the men and boys of Massachusetts are continually petitioning their legislature to alter their names, (we suppose that they sometimes change their names without legislative interference,) and, to do justice to the good nature of that body, they really make pretty work with the appellatives of individuals. There is scarcely a session of the general court of Massachusetts, that does not alter the names of some sixty or seventy persons, males and females, old and young. In the statement of the acts of the last session of the Massachusetts legislature, there is one, authorizing about sixty persons to assume new names, some of which may be considered rather fantastical than otherwise. There was one person who bore the good every-day name of John J. Sleeper—really a quiet sort of an appellation; he forsooth must hereafter answer to the more sonorous call of Romanzo Warwick Montgomery. Another person named Dival, (that's a Wild name,) is to be called Wilder. This sweeping act effects whole families.—Thus we notice a family by the name of Tarbox, is to be called Thorndike; another has had its name changed from Cleverly to Coolridge.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. LANCE's letter has been received, and he shall hear from us on Monday.

A packet has been left at our office, more than a month, for Mr. Jesse Hammond.

Works published since our last notice.—Antiquities of Shropshire, imperial 4to 2l. 2s. Carter's Specimens of Gothic Architecture and Ancient Buildings in England, 4 vols. 120 views, 2l. 2s. Wollaston's Fasciculus Astronomicus, 20s. Astronomical Catalogue, folio, 2l. 2s. The 'Code Napoleon,' by a Barrister, 21s. Jamieson's Grammar of Logic, 6s. Past Events, 3 vols. 12mo. 21s. Malcolm's Central India, 2 vols. 8vo. 2nd edition, 32s. Emblems for Children, 2s. 6d. The Family Picture Gallery, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s. Dibdin's Sea Songs, imperial 8vo. 1l. 12s. Plumbe on Diseases of the Skin, coloured plates, 8vo. 16s. The Brides of Florence, with other Poems, 10s. 6d. Hakewill's Jamaica, 4to. Nos. 1 to 3, 12s. 6d. each. Pringle on the Present State of Albany, 12mo. 4s. Montagu's Equity Pleading, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 1l. 18s. Benecke on Indemnity and Insurance, 21s. Ready's Ethics, 12mo. 2s. 6d. Bingham's Eleazer, 12mo. 4s. Gordon's Life and Genius of Lord Byron, 8vo. 2s. 6d. Booth's Analytical Dictionary, 4to. 7s. 6d. The Pic Nic, or Recreations in Literature, 7s. Best Intentions, 12mo. 6s. Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler, 12mo. 2nd edition, 18s. Mechanics' Magazine, vol. 1, 8s. Stevenson on Cataract, 8vo. 8s. Bland on Court of Chancery, 8vo. Hands's Schematisms, 12mo.

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By SIR COSMO GORDON.

London: Knight and Lacey, Publishers, Paternoster Row; sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen

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